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POPULAR TALES.

From the Olive Branch.

HELEN MORETON.

'Upon my word, Frank, you are in a strange mood to-night,' said the light-hearted Ned Carlton, to his friend Frank Somerby, at the close of an hour's conversation one cold evening in December, as they were sitting by a blazing fire in a handsome and well-lighted apartment. 'So you think there is very little worth living for in this cold-hearted and hypocritical world? You, too, have apparently, everything to make a man happy—being young, handsome, rich, standing high in your profession, and a favorite and flattered by all. You are a spoiled child of Fortune, Frank. Have you been frowned upon by the fascinating Florence, or the beautiful Clara? Or what the deuce is the matter with you?'

'You know very well, Ned, a thing so light as a woman's smile or frown would have no effect upon me. I am weary of these brilliant butterflies fluttering away their brief road of existence, in the idle and frivolous dissipation of the fashionable world. Is there one among the number that a sensible man would choose as a companion and a friend for life? I know not one.'

'I cry you mercy, Frank,' said Ned smiling, 'I beg you to except one at least, and not condemn my gentle and amiable Maria, to a place she so little deserves.'

'You are right, Ned, and I except her without hesitation, for under the care of a wise, pious, and pure-hearted mother, she has become a model to her sex, of which I am sure they all have need enough.'

'I think you are too severe, Frank, and having a mother and sister like yours, should teach you more respect to womankind.'

'Their brilliancy but makes the rest seem darker for the contrast. Why is it, as you say, that I am flattered and caressed, by the society I move in? Not on my own account, not from pure morals and cultivated mind, or any good personal quality, but because forsooth, I am rich. It is always so; let a man be rich, if he be the veriest prodigal in the world, society fawns upon him, and excuses or is blind to his crimes. Why! that insufferable selfish Mr. Longue might have had his choice of two of the most fashionable and even sensible girls in the city, such an infatuation does wealth and style, and show exercise. I will never marry until I find one who will love me for myself alone.'

'And that may be the case sooner than you dream of. But come, Frank, I know no better remedy for low spirits, than to do good to somebody or other that stands in need of kindness. So if you like we will go and see that poor man, I was telling you of yesterday, whose leg was broken by the accident that happened on the railroad.'

Frank was ever ready at the call of mercy and charity, and putting on their overcoats, the young men sallied forth into the keen frosty air.

Frank Somerby's father died when his son was but a boy, leaving an ample fortune to his widow, and two children, Frank, and his beautiful sister Maria, who was engaged to his friend Ned Carlton, an enterprising young merchant, whose frank and open countenance, fine manners and intelligent mind made him a favorite with every one. Frank had devoted his splendid talents to the law, in which he had risen to an eminence rarely attained by one so very young. He had seen too much of the fashionable world, not to be disgusted with the hypocrisy, artfulness, and hollow-breathed flattery, which are apparent to even a superficial observer. He longed to turn aside from the great thoroughfare of life into the more shaded and quiet paths of domestic happiness. But where might he hope to find a spirit congenial to his own, and on whom might he lavish the wealth of his high, holy, and pure affections, and not have them rolled back in a burning flood on his own heart?

It was some distance to the poor man's dwelling, and rather late when the young men reached it. They found him cheerful and resigned under his misfortune, and only anxious for his family who depended entirely upon his labor. They told him not to be uneasy, but to keep up a cheerful trust in divine Providence, for his family should not suffer while he was unable to help them. The gratitude of the whole family more than repaid the young men for their walk, and Frank's heart felt lighter from the joy that a good action always brings with it.

They were proceeding with rapid steps towards their homes, when on passing a small and retired house, the window was suddenly opened, and the soft sweet voice of a young girl in tremulous accents begged them to come to her assistance. On their nearer approach, asking pardon for the liberty she had taken, she begged one of them to haste for Dr. H., as her brother was taken alarmingly ill. Ned immediately departed to perform her request, while Frank remained to see if he might not be of further service. On entering the house he was struck by its remarkable neat appearance, though, with the exception of a very fine piano, it was furnished in the simplest

manner. But the occupants of the house interested him far more than anything around him. The lady who had spoken to him was young, apparently about eighteen, of fine form and elegant manners. Her countenance was remarkable not for the beauty of merely regular features, but for its amiable and intelligent expression, although now clouded with anxiety for her brother. The latter, a boy of fourteen, was lying on the sofa near the fire. His extreme beauty would have attracted attention anywhere, but still more when viewed in connection with all around him. His pale countenance was in the highest degree intellectual, and his broad white brow was shaded by a profusion of dark glossy curls. His sister sat down by his side, and began to bathe his forehead, gazing tenderly on him with tearful eyes.

'Don't be distressed for me, dearest Helen, I shall better when our good Doctor comes. Hark! do I not hear him?' said he, as the sound of rapid footsteps rung from the frozen ground.

'I hope so, dear Arthur,' said his sister as she rose to look out and see.

In a moment the door opened, and with Ned entered the kind and benevolent Doctor, whose countenance expressed a kindly sympathy with the sufferings around him. After speaking cheerfully to Helen, and shaking hands with Frank, with whom he was well acquainted, he turned to his patient and feeling his pulse began to make some inquiries relative to his illness, which he soon pronounced to arise from a violent cold, and having given the necessary directions, he rose to take leave, saying he would call very early in the morning. The young gentlemen also rose, and after receiving Helen's thanks for their kindness, and begging permission to call again, they all retired.

On their way home the Doctor gave them some particulars of Helen's history. She and her brother were orphans. They had, till within a year or two, lived in affluence; but by the sudden death of their father, in the midst of one of those periodical tempests in the business world, they were reduced to poverty. Their mother had died about a year before. Their splendid mansion and its furniture were all sold, with the exception of a small library of valuable books, and the piano, which was their mother's, and which Helen was permitted to retain. With the small sum of money remaining after the sale, she had furnished the little cottage in which they found her, and supported herself and her brother by giving lessons in music. She had been thoroughly educated herself, and undertook the charge of continuing the education of her brother, hoping in one or two branches, to prepare him for college.

The Doctor was eloquent in praise of her kindness, her amiability, and force of character, and his words were not lost upon Frank Somerby, across whose mental eye flitted ever and anon, the vision of a beautiful girl, with large melancholy eyes, on whose long drooping lashes trembled a diamond tear.

On reaching home, Frank found his sister just returned from a visit to a friend, and he immediately related to her his night's adventure. She listened with gratifying interest, and on enquiring the name of the heroine started, suddenly exclaiming—'My old friend and school-mate Helen Moreton! I must go and see her. She was one of the most amiable and gentle, yet resolute girls I ever knew.'

Frank readily offered to accompany her, and they decided to go the next afternoon. Accordingly the day being very fine, they set out on their walk, and soon arrived at Helen's lowly abode. They rapped gently on the door, and after waiting a moment, it was opened by Helen, who started in pleased surprise at the sight of her old friend. Their recognition was mutual, and though Helen blushed slightly on conducting them into her simple home, yet all embarrassment was soon dissipated by the affectionate kindness of Maria's manner.

They found Arthur in a high fever, and requiring much of Helen's attention, which was given with a watchful tenderness, and received with such loving glances from his expressive eyes, as showing how great was the affection existing between them. As Helen sat by his bedside and bathed his fevered hands and burning brow, with what gentle loveliness did these kind offices invest her in Frank's regard, and he often applied to her the beautiful lines the Poet has written of woman.

'When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.'

And the thought involuntarily came over him, if a brother were so fondly loved, what would be the measure of her love for that friend which is nearer than a husband?

After offering to come and assist Helen, in the care of her brother, with an affectionate kindness that would not be refused, Maria and Frank departed. As they walked towards home they were earnestly engaged in devising means to be of use to Helen, without infringing on her refined and delicate feelings.

'Well,' said Maria, 'mother will be at home to-night, and we shall be guided by her wise benevolence, and I am sure we cannot err, if we follow her advice.'

'There never was a mother like ours,' said Frank, smiling, 'she knows where, when, and how everything should be done.'

'And she is always ready to do it herself too,' added Maria.

As they proceeded on their walk they encountered Ned, whom they informed where they had been, and answered all his numerous inquiries with regard to the interesting inmates of the cottage. As Maria had some necessary purchases to make for a very poor and unfortunate family, the gentlemen left her to all meet again in the evening.

After the departure of her visitors, Helen sat for some time absorbed in reverie, while her brother was asleep. She revolved in her mind the singular circumstances which had brought her old school-mate to her humble dwelling, and she found that poverty had yet left her one friend. She had experienced the friendship which is common in fashionable life, and knew its falsity, and she felt therefore the more acutely Maria's kindness, which was perfectly free from that insulting condescension that wounds the heart, it pretends to heal. Did no thought of Maria's brother come across her mental vision? She could not have failed to perceive how earnestly his looks were fixed upon her, nor the approving expression of those speaking eyes.

Frank Somerby's beauty was of no common order. His form was manly and finely moulded,—his features were regular,—his fine black hair waved lightly over a pure and lofty brow,—his dark blue eyes seemed but windows at which his soul looked out,—his finely curved mouth, though expressing firmness when in repose, yet when speaking to one he loved, was wreathed with a smile most eloquent in beauty, and the deep tones of his manly voice fell like music on the evening. No hand had as yet swept across the chords of that many-toned lyre—his mind—but could she doubt for a moment its power to give forth rich and varied melody? Helen sighed as she arose from her reverie, at the sound of her brother's voice, but she was all unconscious why.

Mrs. Somerby entered readily into the plans of her children, and promised to go herself and see Helen, in whom, from their description, she began to feel much interested. She thought the best thing to be done at present, was for Maria to stay with her and assist her, if she would consent to the arrangement, until her brother recovered, and then, by their influence, they might procure her many friends and pupils.

Frank could not but feel strongly the difference between his lot, and that of this beautiful girl, whose habits and tastes were refined like his, yet the means of gratifying them were withheld from her, and perhaps many a year of toil to be her portion. He felt deeply his accountability for the use of what Providence had bestowed on him, and resolved to render a good account of his stewardship. For he considered rightly, that nothing we have is given us for ourselves alone, but to be continually employed for the benefit of others also. He had felt that there is but one only true pleasure which springs from self-sacrificing kindness, and he chose his path accordingly. His mother had been, what a mother should always be to her children, the kind and judicious friend, and a perfect confidence existed between them, as the natural result. She had sowed the good seed early, and she reaped an abundant harvest of joy and thanksgiving.

After a little persuasion, Helen consented to Maria's plans, particularly when urged by Mrs. Somerby, who completely won her heart by her kind motherly manner, and she was happier than she had been since the death of her father.

Every day brought Frank to the cottage, to inquire for Arthur, or on his sister's account; and though Maria frequently walked out with him to breathe the fresh air, yet Helen could not be persuaded to leave her brother, whose recovery was slow. Occasionally Frank would remain in the evening, and read aloud some entertaining work, or if Arthur were asleep, they would converse in low tones, not to disturb the patient invalid. Sometimes Frank would make a remark calculated to draw forth Helen's powers, and he was often astonished by the depth of knowledge, the acuteness or profundity of thought, which she displayed at such times, when led by her interest in the subject; she forgot her usual timidity, and gave eloquent utterance to the lofty thought, the glowing description, the beautiful comparison, or the strong and forcible argument. He found that her mind was well stored with useful and various knowledge, and in the lighter encounter of playful wit she was often a conqueror. Every day discovered to him some new trait to admire or love; so that in her society he soon began to feel happier than in any other situation.

A week or two had now passed away, and Arthur had sufficiently recovered to be able to dispense with much of the kind attention so cheerfully bestowed and so gratefully received, and Maria left Helen with many assurances of her unalterable affection and many interchanged promises of frequent intercourse.

After the departure of her kind friend, Helen felt a sensation of loneliness stealing over her, which the increased attention she was obliged to give to her pupils who had now begun to return to her, was well calculated to dissipate. Arthur, in his eagerness to perfectly recover, in order to continue his studies, was rather imprudent in exposing himself to danger of taking cold; so that she was so much occupied in thinking for him, she could not have leisure to indulge her feelings of regret. Besides Frank or Ned came with Maria several times during the week which followed her departure.

All Helen's earthly hopes were centred in her beloved brother, and she looked forward with hope, yet tremblingly, for his health was frail, to the time when his name would be honored amid the high intellect and pure in heart. But, alas! the angel of death, with his broad wings outspread, already overshadowed him, and stood with 'inverted torch' ready to usher him into the 'land of the departed.' What glorious hopes, what pure affections, what lofty aspirations await the good, the beautiful and the true, were to perish with that noble young heart! We may see the old man standing on the verge of the grave, with his venerable white hair, and the calm and quiet cheerfulness resulting from a well-spent life, and feel that it is well he should thus wait

for death; but when the destroying angel calls away youth in its fairest morning, we cannot but heave the sigh of regret, and shed the tear of disappointment.

The Doctor had just returned from a visit to a distant patient, when a hurried messenger summoned him once more to the cottage. He lost not a moment in hastening thither, for he felt a deep and strong interest in the inmates of that lowly abode. Helen met him at the door with tearful eyes, which grew somewhat brighter at the sight of him, for in his skill she had great confidence, and his kindly sympathy had won him a place in her heart. On leaving the room after attentively examining his patient, with a countenance from which he strove to banish all discouraging expression, for he felt that Helen's eyes were riveted there, he told her she must take the utmost care of him, for he required all her attention. But the quick eye of affection is not to be deceived, and, in spite of the Doctor's caution, Helen read in his expression the deep meaning he would fain have concealed. She became deadly pale, as the thought flashed upon her that the beloved being so entwined about her heart might be taken away, and she would have fainted, had he not supported her. But with a strong effort she recovered herself, and then gently but firmly insisted upon knowing the worst. With the gentleness of a father, the Doctor told her it was doubtful if her brother ever recovered; his constitution was frail, and would not be able to resist this second attack, brought on by again taking cold. All that was in the power of man should be done, and it might please heaven to avert the stroke which threatened her. Helen succeeded in regaining an apparent cheerfulness, as in silent prayer she returned to administer the necessary remedies to her brother.

The Doctor called, on his way home, to tell Maria of her friend's situation. He found her just preparing to attend a fashionable acquaintance. But all her sympathies were aroused with regard to Helen, and, turning her fine eyes filled with tears on her scarcely less agitated brother, she begged him to tell her if she should not go to her instantly.

'Follow the dictates of your own warm heart, my dear sister, and you cannot fail to do right,' was his answer. And in a very few moments she had exchanged her costly apparel for a plainer dress, and the brother and sister proceeded rapidly on their way to the cottage. This ready kindness was more than Helen, in the excited state of her feelings, could bear, and leaning her head on Maria's shoulder, she wept freely. How like an angel did she seem, in Frank's eyes, as he gazed intently and mournfully upon her, and thought of the high hopes so soon to be destroyed in this world for ever.

The good Doctor came very often, and brought with him the most skillful of his brethren, but no earthly aid was able to save that young and noble form from sinking rapidly into the grave. Without suffering very great pain, he gradually wasted away, while the unearthly lustre of his eyes and the brilliant flush on his cheeks betrayed too truly the insidious progress of his disease. He had requested to know precisely what was his situation, and Helen nerved herself to tell him the fearful truth. Arthur bowed his face in his hands, and after a moment's silence, said, in a low voice, 'God's will be done. Leave me, my sister, a few moments.'

Striving to repress her anguish, Helen left him to pour out her soul in prayer to that Being who orders all things wisely and well. When she returned, Arthur looked up on her entrance, and said, while a beautiful smile illumined his angelic features, 'It is the will of my Father, let him do what seemeth good unto Him.'

Helen sat down by him, and taking his thin hand in hers, they held long and precious communion concerning righteousness and the life to come.

Many an hour did Frank and Maria pass in that chamber of sickness, and there learned lessons more precious than any earthly knowledge. Oh! it was indeed beautiful, to see the perfect and child-like faith, the calm resignation, and the joyful looking forward to the better land, of that young and noble heart, and though many tears were shed around his couch, they could not be tears of bitterness.

The following lines were written soon after being made aware of his situation. His sister found them lying on the little table by his bed-side, and cherished them as the last memento of brother dearer to her than any earthly object.

I thought among the sons of men to win me high renown,
And dreamed that Fame would wreath my brow with
an unfading crown,
I thought to stand amid the strife, in Truth's strong
armor dress'd,
And bid foul falsehood in the dust, bow down her lofty
crest.

My sister! 'twas for thee I sought to win me rank and
power,
That blessings o'er thy path might fall in one glad sun-
lit shower.
But all these high and cherished hopes, alas! are little
worth!
For, they must perish with my form, from 'mid the
scenes of earth.

Yet not for these, in vain regret, I shed one bitter tear,
I only mourn, my dearly loved, that I must leave thee
here,
Alone in this cold heartless world, except the faithful
few,
Who 'mid the darkest scenes in life, have been both
tried and true.

Death brings no terror to my heart, no pallor to my
brow,
God, who has guided me through life, will not forsake
me now.
I know that my Redeemer lives—he calleth me to
come,
And with the early loved and lost, dwell in that better
home.

And mourn ye not for me, my friends, around my couch
who pray,
I but exchange earth's glimmering light, for a celestial
day.
Farewell, dear friends! in Heaven I trust we soon shall
meet again.
Where there is neither tear, nor sigh, nor weary wait-
ing pain.

And where more radiant glories are, than mortal eye
may see,
Or by the hearts of living men, can e'er imagined be.
My sister! thou hast loved me long, and more than
words may tell,—
But severed is each earthly tie,—thou dearest one,
farewell!

It was midnight, and the last hour of Arthur's earthly life drew nigh. His friends were all with him, and that dear sister, who had not left for many days, with a countenance pale with watching and grief, was still sitting by him, his almost transparent hand clasped in hers. Deep stillness was around, unbroken but by the faint ticking of the Death-watch, or the suppressed sob of the grief-stricken group. Arthur had been lying for some time very quiet, and breathing gently as in sleep. Suddenly he sprang up, and exclaimed—'Beautiful, beautiful!' while his kindling eyes seemed to be gazing on some object invisible to the rest, but to him of soul-enranching beauty.

'Hush! hush!' he continued, 'that heavenly harmony! It fades—fades away!' and as he spoke he sank slowly back, and the light of his brilliant eyes went out in the darkness of death. His sister felt his hand relax its grasp, and rising she bent over him, closed his eyes, kissed his pale forehead, and with the singular exclamation—'It is finished!' the highly-wrought energies of her spirit gave way, and a long death-like swoon called forth all the resources of her friends to restore her to life.

Helen was now alone in the world. The death of her brother had taken away the strongest motive to exertion, and she concluded, after consulting her friends, to dispose of her little property, and obtain a situation as governess in some pleasant family. Till this end was attained, Maria insisted upon having her stay with her, and Helen accordingly became an inmate of Mrs. Somerby's mansion. Days, weeks, and even months passed away, and still they all found some pretence for keeping Helen. To every situation that offered some positive objection was made, and with gentle violence they kept her a not unwilling prisoner. Time had softened her grief, and she was beginning to regain her natural cheerfulness of disposition. How happily were the days passed by all but Frank, who had been compelled to be absent at a distance from home, during nearly all the latter part of the time which Helen had been a resident at his mother's. But now in the most beautiful of months, 'the month of roses,' two events were to take place calculated to render all parties happy—Frank's return home, and Maria's marriage.

Every thing was now bustle and preparation for the joyous occasion, and Ned's happy face grew still more sunny in its expression, while Maria's countenance sometimes assumed a shade of thoughtfulness, as she contemplated the new sphere of duties opening before her.

It was the night previous to the bridal when Frank returned, and the warm reception he met with, more than repaid him for his very absence. Helen's suppressed exclamation of involuntary delight was not lost upon the ear of one who loved the tones of her voice more than the sweetest music.

A rosy blush mantled on Helen's cheek as she received Frank's greeting, and her heart beat with a quicker pulsation as her eyes met his admiring gaze, and were instantly veiled beneath their long dark lashes.

That night there was little sleep for either Frank or Helen! for they both were thinking of each other, and each formed a firm resolution, which but one of them kept. Helen felt that after Maria's marriage she ought not to stay longer at Mrs. Somerby's, and that she was only procrastinating an event which must sooner or later take place. She resolved, therefore, to refuse Maria's invitation to pass some time with her, and as Mrs. Barclay, an amiable and gentle woman, wished for a governess for her young daughters, she determined to offer her services. This resolution being made, Helen felt happier, and yielded to the sweet enchantment of dreams, in which she beheld an image only too dear to her.

It was the bridal night. The splendid rooms were filled with the gay and fashionable friends of the beautiful bride, who was perfectly radiant in loveliness. Every one seemed happy, and many felt so. In the midst of the crowd, however, there was one whose thoughts were far away from the gay pageant before her. Helen was thinking of that dear brother, who, if he had been living, would that day have completed his fifteenth year. His birth-day had been wont to be celebrated by a joyful festival, while his father lived, and thought was busy among the olden memories. Her affection became too much for her, and quietly stepping out on the piazza, whose flower-wreathed pillars cast broad shadows in the brilliant moonlight, she descended the steps which led into the garden, and passed down a secluded path, entered her favorite bower of roses, to give a few moments to the memory of her brother, undisturbed by the gaiety around her. But her retreat was noticed by Maria, and calling Frank, with a merry glance of her bright black eye, she bade him seek her and request her to return.

Frank's step was so light that it disturbed not the fair girl's reverie, and he paused a moment ere speaking to her, to gaze on her exquisite beauty, half revealed, half shadowed, by the moonbeams which stole in through every crevice of that beautiful bower.

'Arthur, dear Arthur!' she exclaimed, unconscious that any ear heard her, 'your place can never be supplied to me.'

At this moment Frank stepped into the arbor. Helen started up in surprise, but Frank begged her not to fly at his approach, saying, at the same time his sister had sent him for her. "I was not aware," said Helen, blushing deeply, "that my absence was remarked; but it is dear Arthur's birthday, and too sad recollections come over me, compelling me to retire for a few moments, to subside in solitude. Shall we return?"

"Pardon me if I detain you one moment," said Frank, gently taking her hand in his. "You spoke but now of that dear brother, who is gone. Dearest Helen, may I not venture to hope that I may fill his place in your heart?"

Helen was silent a moment, from surprise and embarrassment, but when Frank again earnestly entreated her, in tones of most eloquent persuasion, to be his, she tremblingly answered, "You are not; I am portionless and unknown; you are rich, and lofty in station. No! no! it cannot be."

"Wealth is nothing to me," said Frank passionately. "Rank! your virtues are above all station. I have loved you from the moment I first saw you. Oh! tell me if it is not in vain."

Helen trembled violently, but she did begin to answer him, when the sound of distant footsteps were heard approaching, and then entreated him to leave her.

"One word, one sign, I implore!"

Helen instantly snatched a half-opened rose bud, of crimson hue, and placing it in his hand, again entreated him to go. The language of flowers they had studied together; he knew its meaning, and hastily imprinting a kiss on the hand which gave it, he was out of sight when a gay party of ladies and gentlemen entered the bower; and Helen, too, had made a noiseless escape.

What more need I say, but that the best of sisters became the best of wives.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 25, 1843.

THE TWO VOICES.—Some of the Democratic papers are discussing the question when the National Convention for the nomination of President and Vice President shall be held. The Richmond Enquirer, at the head of which is the sage Thomas Ritchie, is in favor of holding a Convention earlier than May, 1844. But the Charleston Mercury strongly insists upon holding it at that time, stating as a particular reason that the Tariff question should be settled before a candidate is brought into the field. This question is not yet decided. It is generally thought, however, that May, 1844, would be the best time. So far as we are able to form an opinion from what has been said by the different Democratic papers in this State, May '44 is the time preferred. And we should judge from all appearances and from various reasons that this would be the time selected by the Democratic party throughout the country.

If we could have a voice in this matter, we should select an earlier day. It is well known that there are many candidates in the field. It is likewise just as well known that each candidate has his strong and active friends. The longer we put off the selection of a candidate the greater will be the attachment of the particular friends to each candidate and the greater the difficulty in effecting unity and concession on the candidates who may be selected.

If we were to raise our banner on which was inscribed the name of "Col. R. M. Johnson," or any other good Democrat, and fight under it a whole year, we should become very tenacious of our flag; and as the year advanced, we should become more and more unwilling to change it and run up another. The conviction that we were right in our selection would grow stronger and stronger, and although we might retrace our steps, we could not do so readily at the end of a year as at the end of six months. We are in favor of an earlier day. We would therefore name November next as the better time. We are firmly convinced it would be more for the interest of the Democratic cause. We should have more time to bring out and discuss the opinions of our candidate—more time to concentrate public opinion—more time to show up in its true light the great Whig party, and a better opportunity to prevent distraction and division in our own ranks.

Some may ask who is our preference for the Presidency. "Is Calhoun your favorite? Or are you a supporter of Van Buren, Buchanan, Johnson, or Cass?" This is a very proper question, but a difficult one to decide. We must say that we have not made up our mind to support any one of them to the exclusion of the others. And although we have some choice among these men, no good can result from our expression of that choice. We go heart and hand for the nominee of the National Convention, if it should be properly organized and properly conducted.

TAXING RAIL ROADS.

The Whig journals affect to complain bitterly on account of the law permitting Rail Roads to be taxed in the towns through which they pass. They say that a Rail Road, owned by a corporation, is a vested right, and cannot be subjected to taxation. They say we do not act in good faith towards the stockholders of a Rail Road Corporation, if we, by our acts, grant them a charter, inviting foreign capital into the State and then tax it. They pretend to say that all enterprises of this kind are at an end in this State, if we tax the property of the Stockholders, &c.

We differ from all these positions. Not one of them is correct. A Rail Road is not a vested right, in the sense they would have believed. Nor is it true that we have acted in bad faith towards the stockholders, or that taxing such property will stop enterprise. The great reason which lies at the bottom of taxation in this matter, consists in the fact that a great part of the towns through which they pass are not in the least benefited by them. It is only those towns in which a Depot is established that are benefited, and even these are but slightly so, except where a Rail Road terminates. The real estate of a town has been taken, and there is some little benefit accruing at the time the Rail Road is building; but afterwards, it is no more benefit, to use the appropriate language of a certain gentleman, "than a streak of lightning would be passing through it twice a day." We say let them be taxed. It is just and right.

THE TREATY—REPORT OF MR. CARY—THE ARGUS.

Some differences of opinion have already arisen in the Democratic party on account of the Report of Mr. Cary in regard to the Treaty, and the speech which that gentleman made in the Senate after the House had indefinitely postponed the Report and Resolves. We should have spoken more properly, however, if we had said that these differences were between Mr. Cary, of the Argus, and the great mass of the Democracy—for we find but few who sympathize with him in his course.

The Report of Mr. Cary was introduced at the very heart of the Session. It was but two days before the adjournment. The vote was taken upon it in the Senate and it passed that body without much opposition. It then went to the House for their concurrence, which instead of concurring, indefinitely postponed it. This result in the House was brought about by the most unfair means. Many members were told that the Report censured a former Legislature—censured Governor Fairfield and the Commissioners; and not having time to read it before the vote was taken, they believed these misrepresentations. Therefore, not feeling willing to vote censure upon those tried servants of the people, they voted against the Report.

Some members after having read the Report, acknowledged that they should not have voted as they did if they could have read it before the vote was taken.

When it was known in the Senate that the House had indefinitely postponed the Report, Mr. Cary, stung by the mortification he felt at the loss of his own offspring, made a speech full of meaning and cutting reproach. The speech was not such an one in all respects as we could wish or approve; but at the same time we think it contains much of truth. In order that our readers may judge of this speech according to its merits, we publish the following extracts which have been published in the Age, Bangor Democrat, and Bay State Democrat, Mass.

Extract from Senator Cary's Speech.

"Why should the Legislature be held back from denouncing a Treaty, so base in its terms, brought about by a fraud upon Maine so palpable, and the result of a negotiation so infamous? Was the encephal administration of John Tyler so sacred, that nobody must assail it? Was the diplomatic reputation of Daniel Webster so dear to the country, that this Report must be killed, because it tells the plain truth?"

What was the character of the means resorted to, to defeat the adoption of this Report? All the means resorted to, he (Mr. C.) did not know. But he did know that Mr. Webster had been most active in his measures to prevent a condemnation of the Treaty by the Legislature of Maine. Mr. Webster spared no pains to corrupt every source of influence which might act upon the Legislature. In one instance, within his (Mr. C.) own knowledge, Mr. Webster had resorted to an attempt at open and undisguised BRIBERY. If one case of this kind had come to light, how many cases might exist, which were as yet concealed in the bosoms of the parties concerned? Mr. Webster considered his diplomatic reputation at stake, and had spared no pains, and no appliances, to protect it. The adoption of this Report would give it a wound. What wonder then, that his personal, political, and it might be bribed friends, should oppose and vilify it?"

That there should be opposition to the Report and Resolves, under all the circumstances, was not extraordinary. That that opposition should however be successful in the other House, containing as it did, a majority of nominal Democrats, might surprise the casual observer. He (Mr. C.) was not surprised at it all. He had long been aware that certain members of the Senate, who did not dare openly to oppose Democratic measures, only waited for their passage at that board, to go down to the other House and defeat them there, by combining their friends with the federal party. This had happened over and over again, and it was high time that the truth was told and understood. The Portland Argus had been bought up by patronage from the Tyler administration, to sustain the Treaty. It was the only Democratic paper in Maine, which had been recreant enough to do it. Its friends in the House had been rallied to defeat this Report, and had succeeded in doing so, by combining as usual, with their allies of the federal party. This was the naked truth; every body here understood it; and there was no longer any justification for concealment or disguise.

Was he (Mr. C.) surprised that the House had indefinitely postponed this Report? Certainly not. A House that had voted down a bill putting their banks upon a specie basis, which had even refused to require the banks to keep one dollar in specie for five dollars of indebtedness, which had lent itself to the extreme views of the federal and paper money party, and which had voted to receive the thirty pieces of silver offered to the State under Mr. Clay's detestable land distribution bill; was it to be hoped that such a House could so far break away from its federal leaders, as to take a stand in opposition to the diplomacy of the "God-like" traitor, who controlled the State Department of the United States? He (Mr. C.) had not expected any such thing, nor in fact had he desired it. He did not desire even that this Report should receive the sanction of a House, which had endorsed the land distribution, and gone with those who went farthest for paper money, and the extinction of the constitutional currency for the benefit of corporations and shavers. It would be disgraced by receiving support from such a body of men, and among its best recommendations was their opposition to it.

We do not endorse this speech, especially the last paragraph. As to the rest, people may think of it as they please. Every one will be disposed to award to it great firmness, energy, and power, if they do not feel disposed to believe all it says.

What this speech says of Mr. Cary, of the Argus, may be true, and it may not. If it is true, or is not, it will not vary or alter a hair's breadth, our opinion of Mr. Cary. He has conceived it his duty, however, to lash himself into a tremendous foam, and has discharged at Mr. Cary a whole magazine of his choicest abuse and denunciation. We can tell Mr. Cary that this will not harm him, even if he should stand still and receive it without shield or protection.

There is only one thing about this speech that we are very much disposed to question, when speaking of Mr. Cary. Mr. Cary attributes to the Argus great power in defeating measures by its uniting with the Federalists. Now we are not disposed to believe, so far as we can learn, that the Argus had any power to spare; or much at command, that it could use for such purposes. It is barely possible that the name, Argus, might have had some influence, but we are perfectly certain, from the frank confessions of many prominent Democrats both in this County and Cumberland, that the past conduct and character of its present Editor is not such as to command their respect, nor it never will while thus conducted; and consequently that it could have had but little influence.

To conclude, we are rather disposed to believe the remainder

of what Mr. Cary said of the Argus. He would not have shown so much of his ears, if this had not been the fact. This is a rather hard to believe; but where a man says, in answer to a speech, "you lie," "you lie," "you lie!" and says it so fast and so loud that you are unable to make him hear, you may be sure that his judgment is convinced, but that he is determined to have his will.

WRITING ON NEWSPAPERS AND PAMPHLETS.

The Post Office Department has been somewhat censured recently for its strict construction of the law in regard to writings on newspapers and pamphlets. The following decision of the District Court in Baltimore, in a case of this kind, settles the law in this matter beyond a doubt.

U. S. District Court—March Term, 1843.—United States vs. Elder. This was a suit to recover the penalty imposed by the Post Office Law of 1825, for a violation of the 30th section of that law, by writing or putting a memorandum on the margin of a newspaper or pamphlet sent by mail. In this case it was in proof that the defendant, Mr. Elder, of the firm of Elder, Gelston & Co., wrote on the back of a printed paper or pamphlet containing a 'Tariff of duties, or Price Current, these words: 'From Elder, Gelston & Co., Baltimore,' and sent the pamphlet to a correspondent in Louisville, who refused to pay letter postage thereon.

In compliance with the requirement of law it was returned here, and placed in the hands of the U. S. Attorney for the recovery of the penalty. For the United States it was contended that such writing was within the prohibition of the 30th section of the Act of 1825, and subject to its penalty. The opposite ground was taken by the defence, and after argument upon the construction of the law, the Court decided that it was a violation of the law to place on a paper or pamphlet sent by mail, those or any other words, other than the name of the party to whom any paper was sent. The jury accordingly rendered a verdict for the United States.

Z. Collins Lee, Esq. U. S. Attorney, for the plaintiff. N. Williams, Esq. for the defendant.

Great Freshets in the Connecticut, Delaware and Potomac Rivers.—Freshets have occurred in all these rivers doing great damage to roads, canals, and buildings, and other property. Certain towns on the Connecticut have suffered most. Among them are Northampton, Hadley, and Springfield. Hadley and Northampton are opposite each other on the river, and the east street in the former and the west in the latter have been literally overflowed. The foundations of many buildings were nearly broken up. A new and expensive road in Hadley was almost totally destroyed. There was no means of arriving from Hadley to Northampton but by boats. The Democrat, printed at the latter place, says "that it will take years to repair the damages already done." No lives had been lost.

At Springfield the damage was not so great. One house was carried away and the Mills were stopped. But at Hartford, Conn., lower down the river, the water had arisen about 25 feet above low water mark. Front street was covered, and another street nearly so. A great many buildings were completely surrounded. A number of poor families were taken from the second story of three houses by means of boats and carried to places of safety. The Hartford Times of Monday, (week yesterday,) says that a northeast storm had set in that morning which promised an extraordinary and long continued flood.

The freshet at Philadelphia and the towns above on the Delaware is not so great yet as to do great harm. The Rail Roads at some places were covered with water two or three feet, but the embankments had not been washed away. The rise in these Rivers has been owing to the recent warm rains and the consequent melting of the snow at their sources.

The freshet at Cumberland.—Letters from Cumberland, received by the mail of Saturday night, state that the inundation was unprecedented, and had done a good deal of damage. Much difficulty was experienced in passing over the railroad, the tracks of which at some points were entirely under water, particularly along the Cacapon and south branch of the Potomac river embracing a distance of three or four miles. We also learn that at Harper's Ferry the river had swollen very much, and was nearly as high as the railroad bridge. It was supposed that it was about to break down.

The Baltimore Sun adds the following:— "Our informant states that it is truly distressing to observe along the line of the railroad the condition of the Irish laborers who have been employed on the road. Their shanties are literally flooded and swept away, and the inmates have been driven to the hills, in the open air, to obtain a resting place."

From the National Intelligencer of Tuesday.

Flood in the Potomac.—The heavy rains and melting of the deep snow in the mountain region west of us have produced a great flood in the Potomac, from which disastrous effects are much to be apprehended. In our neighborhood, at Georgetown, the wharves were generally overflowed on Saturday, and yesterday, and a general inundation in the lower part of the town anticipated.

A great freshet in the Savannah river has given rise to apprehensions of injury to property located on its shores.

MAYOR OF PORTLAND.—There were two unsuccessful attempts to elect a Mayor in Portland by the people. Hon. John Anderson, dem., received a large plurality over the other candidates; yet his claims were rejected by the Aldermen and Council. These bodies met in Convention and elected Eliphalet Greely, Esq. Anderson received 12 votes, Greely 16. It is therefore seen that the temperance officers have resolved themselves into Whigs. This temperance movement has resulted as we expected—a rise to divide and distract the Democratic party and gain adherents to whiggery. Verily shall they not have their reward?

A second suit has been commenced against Commander McKenzie by a boy—one of the apprentices who was brought home in irons. The damages are estimated at \$10,000. The Commander has been held to bail in \$2,000 to appear and answer.

The Oxford Democrat says, "We would take occasion to say that Mr. Van Buren, although we have an exalted view of him as a Statesman and Patriot, is not our first choice for President."

With such papers as the Skowhegan Clarion, and the Oxford Democrat, to oppose him, Mr. Van Buren must be set down as a 'used up man' as certainly as that "when the sky falls, we shall catch larks." [Argus.]

We pretend to be some of the people—the firm, pure, simple, incorruptible people. The Clarion is one of the same class—unskilled in the arts of deception—never guilty of distributing more "Whig than Democratic documents,"—and always true to its flag. The Federalists always had a distrust of the people—always despised them—always speak contemptibly of them, and thought it would look horribly to have their "Huge Paws" touch a Statute book. This is the case with the Argus—it's editor we mean—not the Argus. We hope it will prove true as an ally to the Federal party, and follow the "footsteps of its illustrious predecessors."

STATE CONVENTION.—Pursuant to a vote of the Democratic members of the Legislature a Convention for the nomination of Governor will be held at Bangor on the 22nd of June next. The Convention will be constituted as usual. The more prominent candidates, we learn by our exchanges, are Hon. Hugh J. Anderson, Hon. Gorham Parks, and Hon. Edward Kavanagh.

SPANISH COIN. We learn, by the New York Plebeian, that the Banks of that city have decreed that Spanish pieces of 25 cents shall pass or be received by them for 23 cents, and other pieces reduced in proportion. Congress has passed a law establishing the value of coin, foreign and domestic, what right, therefore, has a corporation to alter it? Banks are assuming powers higher than the Law. Shall they be supported in such usurpation? They ought not to be. If this be true ours may follow the example, but as it is unquestionably wrong and unjust, we hope such an attempt will not be made.

TROUT.—The Frontier Journal says they begin to catch trout in that quarter. He saw one a few days ago that weighed 26th lbs. He brags some about fishing. We wish we were there, with our neighbor Marble, we could throw all down-easter's into the shade as well as the Yorker's, catching fish. An English Philosopher described an Angler to be a pole and a line, with a fool at one end and a worm at the other. This Philosopher must have been a satirist, or the English Anglers must have been blockheads. If he could only be present, or our friend of the Journal, and see our neighbor draw up the trout, one after another, where no one else could get a nibble, and where there was not water enough to keep a tad-pole, the former would cease his satire, and the latter would quit his bragging.

Mr. Cole, a large man, undertook to chastise Mr. Du Solle, a small man, editor of the Times, Philadelphia. We guess he was not hurt much, for, like Chanticleer, after being parted from his companion in battle, he jumps up, and after flapping his wings, issues the following bulletin:—"Mr. Cole, quite a large man, got a severe cut under the ear. Mr. Du Solle, a little fellow, but oh!—! got scratched on the cheek. Frightened, none; killed, ditto."

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—Dr. Spofford has published a letter in the Haverhill Gazette on this important subject. He thinks that mothers had better keep their daughters at home than suffer them to be pawed over and exhibited like monkeys and merrmaids. He thinks the Lecturers ought to be sent to school or to the house of correction; and likewise, that the eyes were made to see with, and finally says that people may as well keep their money as to cast it before cheats. Hard talk.

A MILLERITE HEX.—The Belvidere Apollo, a paper printed in New Jersey, says that two men brought into the office what they thought to be a melancholly curiosity and with dejected countenances they pulled out an egg, having on it the following portentous inscription:—"Sinners beware—end of the world in 1843!"

These persons were the dupes of some joker, who by a chemical process, which is very simple, caused what is perfectly natural and easily accounted for, to appear supernatural.

Help in Massachusetts.—A young man returned yesterday from Boston where he had been to obtain employment. He could not find employ and returned. Hundreds are there on the same business, without the prospect of letting themselves for any reasonable sum. We would advise our young men not to go to Boston to find employ. They are already too well supplied.

"YOU CAN'T COME IN."—That branch of the Coon family which now upholds Mr. Tyler, are using every conceivable effort to procure the nomination of Mr. Tyler for next President. The thing is not viewed with any complacency by the people. "A burnt child dreads the fire."

JESUITS IN MONTREAL. There has been an order of Jesuits established in Montreal by Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Some of the presses in Montreal are alarmed at this sect. They call them a grasping, intolerant, and dangerous order, and have been the world over. Her Majesty knows what is right for her subjects.

HAYTI.—President Boyer has abdicated his authority and left the Island for England in an English man-of-war. It is said that he took with him about \$3,000,000 of treasure. The Government of Hayti is now administered by a committee of 25, and will be till a President is chosen.

MILLERITES IN ST. LOUIS.—In attempting to lecture at this place the Millerites were "hosted at, pelted" and would have been mobbed if they had not made their escape.

Montreal is hereafter to be the seat of Government in Canada. Quebec has been.

It is computed that there are 60,000 Jews in the United States.

Ice in Saco River.—The ice is still in this River (April 10). It generally breaks up about the 27th of March. It has not remained so long in the river for twenty years.

Virginia election for members of Congress takes place on the 27th inst.

PRETTY KEEN.—The Albany Patriot says:—"One of our own Methodist clergymen, last Sunday, remarked that if all the world believed the Second Coming was to take place on the 23d of March, 1843, at 3 o'clock, P. M., two thirds of them would delay all preparation for it till half past two!"

COWHINDING IN BOSTON. Yesterday morning, Mr. Henry A. Fenton, merchant, was cowhinded in Washington Street, by a Capt. Bascom, and others. The affair grew out of a boarding house "squabble."

The steamer Portland has commenced running between Portland and Boston, under the command of Capt. Boyd. Fare, \$2.

THE TARIFF.

The Democratic party are in favor of a tariff for revenue while the Whigs advocate a tariff for protection, and this is the broad difference between the two parties on the tariff question. The Government must have a revenue to defray its current expenses, and the amount necessary for this purpose must be raised by a tariff or duty on imported articles, or by direct taxes. A protective tariff can afford protection only by excluding entirely or in part such foreign articles as come in competition with those of home growth and manufacture. In proportion to the extent of protection therefore must be the diminution in the revenue. A protective tariff and a revenue tariff involve principles which are irreconcilable. Protection, it is true, may to a certain extent be obtained under tariff laws designed for revenue, but to frame such laws with the special design to protection is to make the object of the first importance a secondary consideration or to defeat it altogether.

A system of equal and general protection would dry up the streams which supply the National Treasury, and render it necessary to impose direct taxes for the support of government. The revenue under the new tariff having greatly fallen off, the wants of the government are now in a great measure supplied by loans and running in debt. But credit will not last forever, and the sums borrowed must be paid. What does true policy require to be done? Shall we have a protective tariff and direct taxes, or a revenue tariff which will save us from a National Debt and direct taxes?—Bangor Democrat.

CASE OF CAPT. M'KENZIE. The southern papers say that although the decision of the Court Martial in Capt. M'Kenzie's case was technically in favor of the acquittal, as before announced, a majority of the members, viz. seven out of twelve, were of opinion that the charges, or some of them, had been proved. In order to prove a conviction the voice of two-thirds of the members was necessary. One more vote in favor of conviction would have changed the result.

The Coons Turning Pale.—The Spirit of the Times says, "we saw yesterday, at Berrell's Baltimore House, a white Coon with pink eyes! It is a great natural curiosity, and was caught in Delaware. Such an animal has never before been recognized. The fact is the Coons are turning pale all over our country."

A sure sign that they are about to "kick the bucket," it is usual to turn a little pale first.—[N. Y. Plebeian.]

A WELL-MERITED REBUKE.—The principal reason assigned by Hon. Silas Wright for voting against Mr. Wise's nomination to France was the participation of that gentleman in the Citty murder. This was right. It is a good method of rebuking honorable cut-throats. Let it be distinctly understood that the man who fights a duel is by that act driven from the pale of reputable society, and considered no longer eligible to public office, and the ambitious hotspurs of the South will soon be forced into a more harmless mode of settling their quarrels.—American.

GOOD ADVICE.—Is thus given in the Louisville Pennant:—"Cease your grumbling about dull times; bring in your advertisements, and if you then have a chance to complain of business being dull, grumble as much as you please; but until the proper means of notifying your customers of what you may have to dispose of, have been resorted to, never expect any improvement in your business."

FRESHET.—There was a great freshet at Albany, N. Y. on Sunday, in consequence of a heavy rain. On Monday morning all the lower streets were inundated, the water being as high as the street lamps, and it was thought it would soon reach Broadway.

At Springfield, it was stated, the communication between that place and Hartford was cut off by the rise in the Connecticut river, and it was reported that the bridge at Hartford had been carried away.—Eastern Argus.

Dr. Collyer, at one of his lectures, thus described the mesmeric definition of love:—"It is the euphonious oscillation of the spheres of the two approximating bodies, whose magnetic condition seeks to coalesce." Look out, doctor, some of the old maids will be after you.

COUNTERFEIT COIN. Counterfeit twenty-five cent pieces are circulating in great numbers in the West. The Cincinnati Gazette states that of a small sum of specie deposited lately by a merchant of that place, \$20 were counterfeit. A manufacturer, the day previous to the above-mentioned occurrence, in selling to a broker some silver, found that he had taken in nearly one hundred dollars of base coin. The New York Herald states that counterfeit eagles and half eagles are in circulation in that city.

